

New Words by MarchOfTheFalseHeteros

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cute, F/M, Fluff, I Love My Eighties Horror Children, Jane Hopper is my precious psychic daughter and I would kill for her, This isn't meant to be shippy they're twelve, Tickle Fights, Tickling, friendly tickles, group tickling

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: (Also mild Byler), But this isn't really meant to be shippy they're kids, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Eleven learns a new word while enjoying a nice autumn day with her friends: "tickle."

New Words

The small band of outcasts sat on the fence outside the nature reserve, sharing a Big Gulp, making stupid jokes, and admiring the pretty orange-and-red scenery of Hawkins in the beginning of October. Jane wasn't quite paying attention to what her friends were saying, though. She was thinking. About how nice Mike looked in that denim jacket. About how silly Dustin's hair looked. But mostly about how lucky she was to just be a normal kid. She hadn't known what "normal" was since...well, ever.

"Isn't that right, Eleven?" said Dustin suddenly, lightly punching her shoulder.

She paused a moment, then placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Jane," she said gently, but firmly. There was a momentary tense silence among the group.

"Right. Sorry."

"You can still call me El if you want," she added, smiling.

"Okay...El," said Dustin, showing off his new teeth with a grin.

"Anyway, no way Frodo could have survived the Upside-Down," Max piped up helpfully.

"I dunno, Mordor was pretty damn close," retorted Dustin.

"Are you kidding? We practically froze our balls off down there-Mordor's all fire and brimstone and shit," said Mike.

"Everything dying, constant despair? Sounds pretty close to the Upside-Down to me. I oughta know; I was the one trapped in it after all," said Will somewhat smugly.

"Know it all," chuckled Lucas.

"I'm telling you, Frodo wouldn't have lasted five minutes," said Mike.

"And I say bullshit," said Will.

"Oh really?" said Mike, gently elbowing his friend in the ribs.

"Yeah, really, dickhead," replied Will, poking Mike in the sides, causing him to elicit a yelp.

"Don't even think about it," he said in a mock serious tone.

"About what, Mikey Mike?" said Will, beginning to spider his fingers up his friend's torso.

"Cut it out!" said Mike, batting Will's hands away with a grin.

"Aww, what's wrong?" cooed Will.

"I'm gonna kill you!" Mike yelled, ending the final word in a cackle. Suddenly Dustin grabbed him from behind and began to squeeze his

sides, and Lucas his knees, and Max his thighs, until the entire group were piled on top of him, tickling him silly. Well, all except one, that is. Jane watched, not sure what to make of the situation. Until—“Guys? S-stop! I can’t breathe!”

Without hesitation she furrowed her brow and concentrated all of her energy on the others, sending Will flying upwards with a nod of her head, then Lucas, then Dustin, then Max, until they all lay groaning among the leaves. She ran to Mike’s side.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine- what did you do that for?” Mike gasped.

“They were hurting you,” she said.

“What?”

Dustin stood, spluttering. “What the FUCK, El?”

“He said ‘I can’t breathe’ - you hurt him!” she yelled.

“El, we were just tickling him, that’s all.”

“Tickling?” she said, confused.

A moment of realization.

“Oh. This is the word of the day, I guess,” said Dustin. “It’s like...a light touch? That makes you laugh uncontrollably. It’s just a thing friends do.”

El cocked her head to the side.

“Here. Let me show you,” Mike volunteered. “Stick out your arm.”

She hesitated a moment.

“It’s okay. Trust me.”

She rolled up the sleeve of her jacket, and stuck out her forearm for him. He wiggled his fingers over her bare skin, causing her to jump back and shriek slightly, but leaving her with a smile on her lips.

“See? Like that.”

“Fun,” she said with a giggle.

“Yeah, it is fun.”

She looked at the ground for a moment.

“Can I try?”

“Try what? You mean, tickling me?”

She nodded. “With my gift.”

Another moment of realization. “I mean...sure. We could try.”

The group gathered around, both terrified and excited to see this new exhibition of El’s powers.

She zeroed in her concentration again, and felt the familiar swelling of her forehead as she focused her energy on Mike. Soon he was giggling and rolling on the ground again. The group laughed

uproariously at this display.

“Nice dance moves, Mike!” laughed Dustin.

“We should do that at the next Snowball,” added Lucas.

“Wow, El, you’re a natural!” Mike exclaimed through uncontrollable giggles. El beamed. Then, a moment later:

“Okay, Uncle! Uncle!” Mike began to gasp.

“Uncle?” El asked inquisitively.

“That means you should stop immediately. It’s starting to hurt,” said Lucas somewhat concernedly.

El gasped, and let Mike free, wiping the tiny droplets of blood from her nostril. She ran to his side again.

“Are you okay? Are you hurt?”

“No, I’m fine,” panted Mike, residual giggles still on his lips. “That was fun.”

Jane Hopper smiled, and held out her hand, helping her friend up.

“Fun.”

Yes, she was the luckiest girl in the world, she thought.